DURANDARTE and BELERMA

A
Pathetic Scotch Ballad
with an Accompanyment for the
HARP

BY

J. H. Barthelemon

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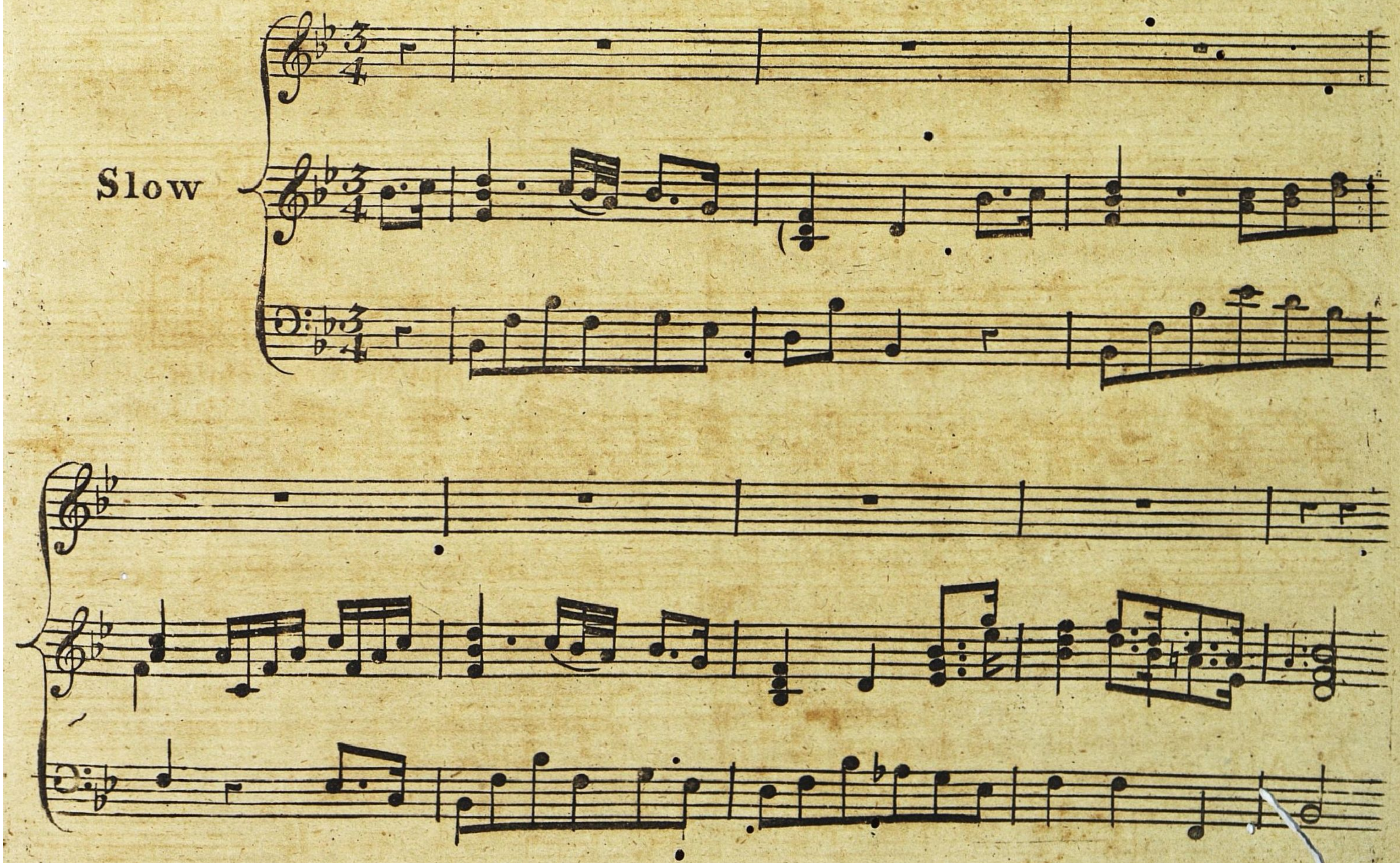
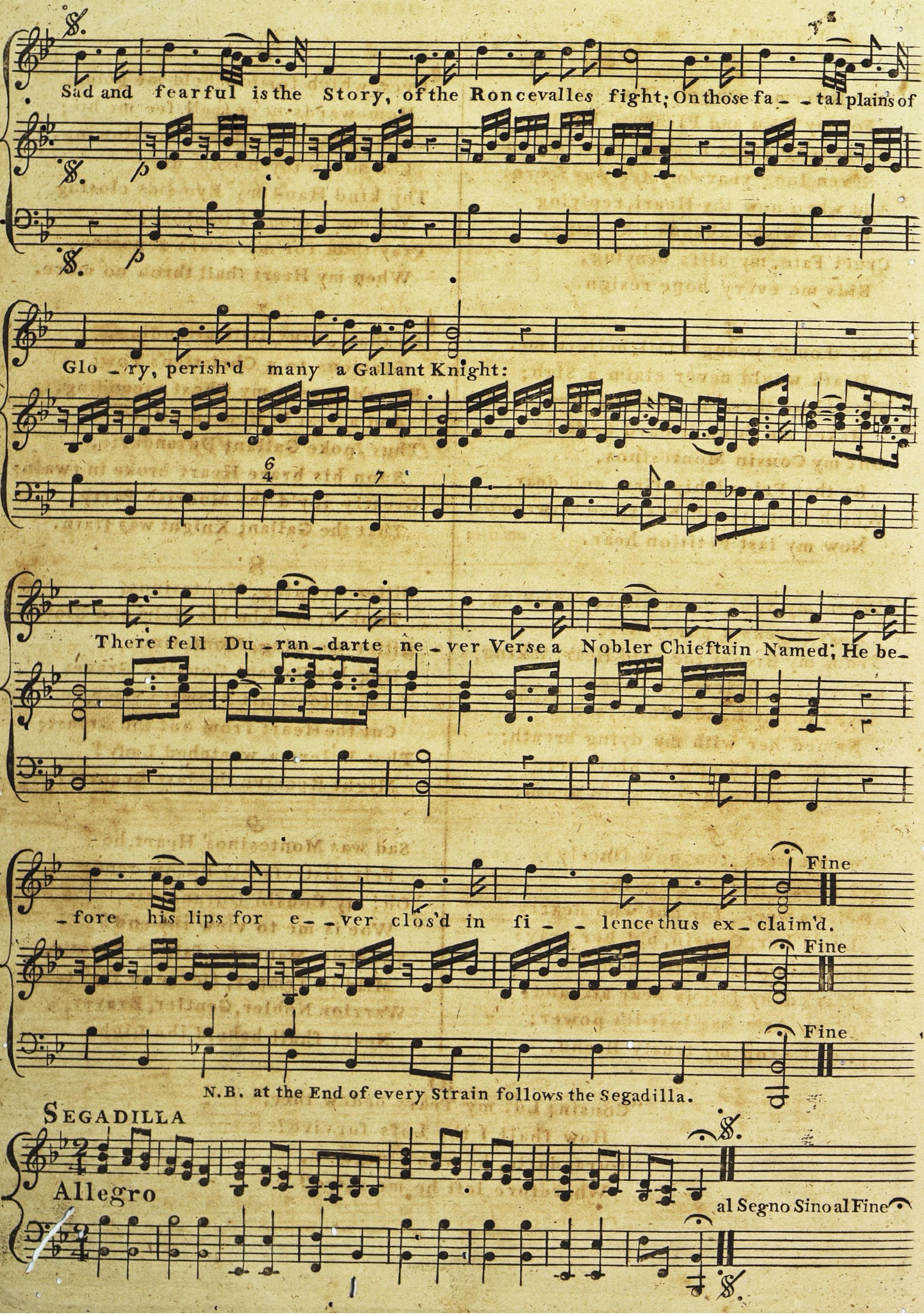



Sad and fearful is the Story, of the Roncevalles fight; On those fa_tal plains of
Glo_ry, perish'd many a Gallant Knight:
There fell Du_ran_darte ne_ver Verse a Nobler Chieftain Named; He be_
_fore his lips for e_ver clos'd in fi_lence thus ex_claim'd.
Fine
N.B. at the End of every Strain follows the Segadilla.
SEGADILLA
Allegro
al Segno Sino al Fine

2

"Oh! Belerma! Oh! my Dear one,
For my Pain and Pleasure born,
Seven long years I ferv'd thee, fair one
Seven long years my fee was fcorn:
And when now thy Heart, replying
To my wishes, burns like mine,
Cruel Fate, my blifs denying,
Bids me every hope resign.

3

"Ah! though young I fall, believe me,
Death would never claim a Sigh;
'Tis to lose thee, 'tis to leave thee,
Makes me think it hard to die!
Oh! my Cousin Montesinos,
By that Friendship firm and dear,
Which from youth has lived between us,
Now my last Petition hear.

4

"When my Soul, these Limbs forsaking,
Eager feeks a purer Air;
From my Breast the cold Heart taking,
Give it to Belerma's Care:
Say, I of my Lands Pofsefsor
Named her with my dying breath;
Say, my Lips I op'd to blefs her,
Ere they clos'd for aye in death.

5

"Twice a week, too, how fincely
I ador'd her, Cousin, fay;
Twice a week, for one who dearly
Lov'd her, Cousin, bid her pray:
Montesinos, now the hour
Mark'd by fate is near at hand,
Lo! my Arm has lost it's power;
Lo! I drop my trusty Brand.

6

"Eyes, which forth beheld me going,
Homewards ne'er fhall fee me hie;
Cousin, ftop those Tears o'erflowing,
Let me on thy Bosom die:
Thy kind Hand my Eye-lids closing,
Yet one Favour I implore;
Pray thou for my Soul's reposing,
When my Heart fhall throb no more.

7

"So fhall Jesus, ftill attending,
Gracious to a Christian's Vow;
Pleas'd accept my Ghost ascending,
And a Seat in Heaven allow".
Thus fpoke Gallant Durandarte,
Soon his brave Heart broke in twain;
Greatly joy'd the Moorish Party,
That the Gallant Knight was flain.

8

Bitter weeping, Montesinos,
Took from him his Helm and Glaive;
Bitter weeping, Montesinos,
Dug his Gallant Cousin's Grave:
To perform his Promise made, he
Cut the Heart from out the Breast,
That Belerma, wretched Lady!
Might Receive the last Bequest.

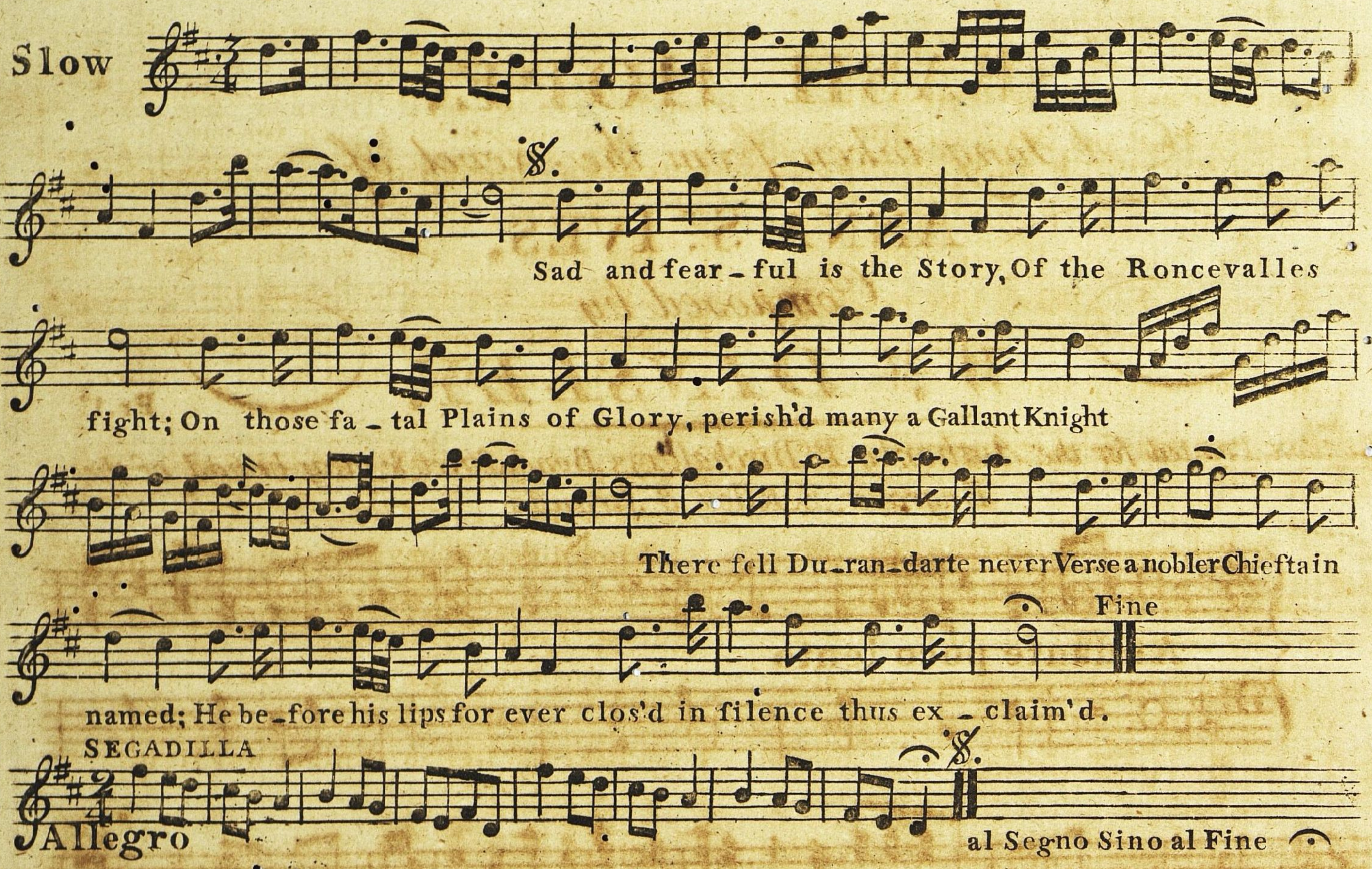
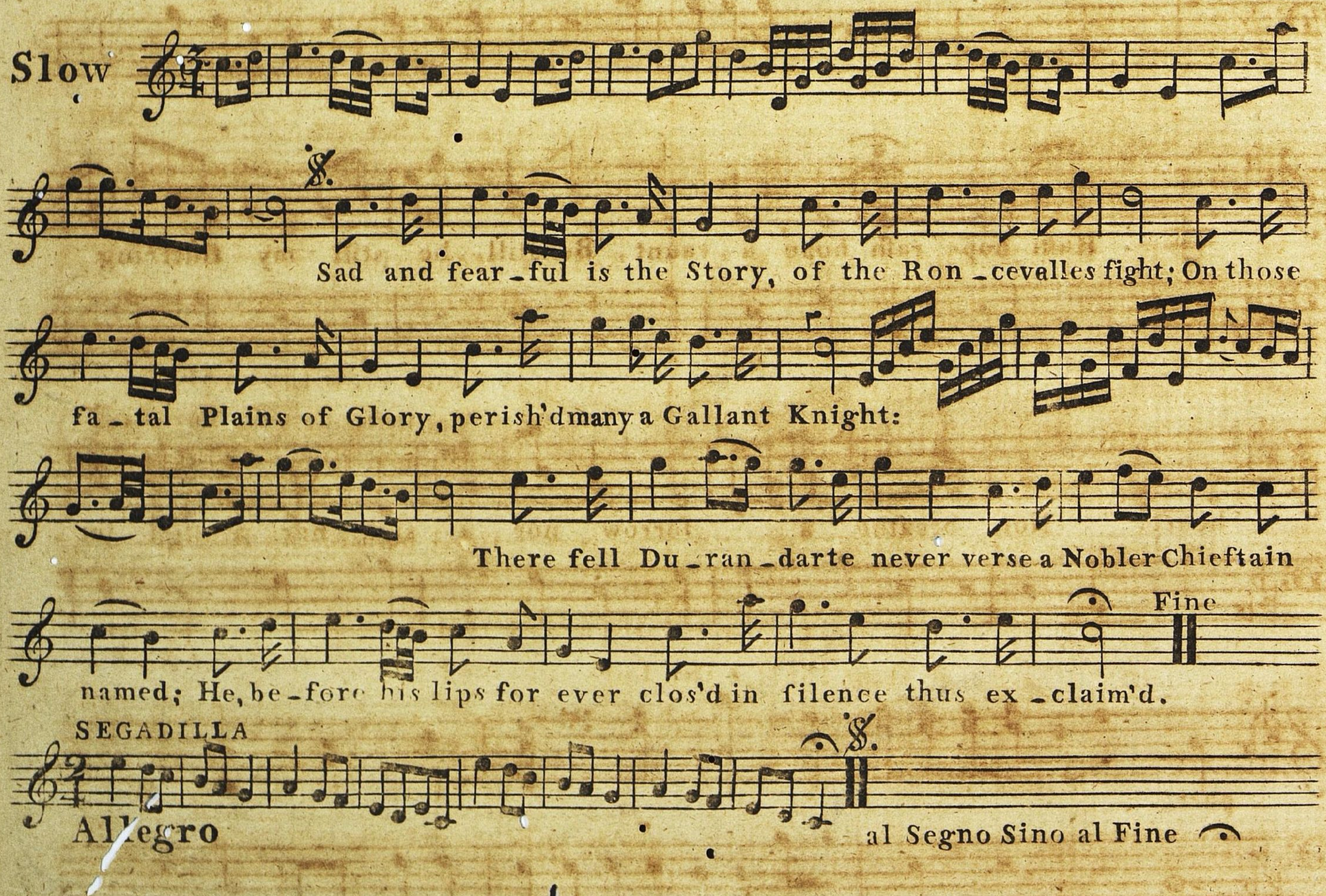
9

Sad was Montesinos' Heart, he
Felt distrefs his Bosom rend;
"Oh! my Cousin Durandarte,
Woe is me to view thy end!
Sweet in Manners, fair in Favour,
Mild in Temper, fierce in Fight;
Warrior Nobler, Gentler, Braver,
Never fhall behold the Light.

10

"Cousin, Lo! my Tears bedew thee,
How fhall I thy Lofs furvive?
Durandarte, he who flew thee,
Wherefore left he me alive?"

German Flute



Guitar